

TREY OF HEARTS.

pening he had gone over the stern and had involuntarily disarmed himself as well.

The other two men made a sad business of attempting to overpower Mr. Marcus. In less than a minute they were both overboard.

"And just for this," Alan said before getting out of earshot—"I'm going to treat my party to a joy-ride in your pretty powerboat."

He concluded this speech abruptly as Marcus brought them up under the quarter of the power cruiser.

Within two minutes the motor was spinning contentedly, the mooring had been slipped, and the motorboat was heading out of the harbor.

Within five minutes she had left it well astern, and was shooting rapidly westward, making nothing of the buffets of a very tolerable sea kicked up by the freshening southwesterly wind.

"My friend," observed Alan, "as our acquaintance ripens I am more and more impressed that neither of us was born to die a natural death, whether abed or at the hands of those who dislike us; but rather to be hanged as common pirates."

"You have the courage of ignorance," Marcus replied coolly; "if you'll take the trouble to glance astern I promise you a sight that will move you to suspend judgment for the time being."

At this Alan sat up with a start.

Back against the loom of the Elizabeth Islands through which they had navigated while he nodded, shone the milk-white sails of an able schooner.

Sheets all taut and every inch of canvas fat with the beam wind; she floated it merrily in their wake—a silver jet spouting from her outwater.

CHAPTER XX.

Hell-Fire.

But by this stage in his history Mr. Law had arrived at a state of mind immune to surprise at the discovery that he had once more failed to elude the vigilance and pertinacity of the woman who sought his life.

He viewed the schooner with no more display of emotion than resided in narrowing eyelids and a tightening of the muscles about his mouth.

"Much farther to go?" he inquired presently, in a colorless voice.

"At our present pace—say, two hours."

"And will that enable us to hold our own?"

"Just about," Marcus allowed, squinting critically at the chase; "she's some footer, that schooner; and this is just the wind she likes best."

"How much lead have we got?"

"A mile or so—none too much."

"Anything to be done to mend matters?"

"Nothing—but pray, if you remember how."

In the end they made it by a narrow margin. The face of Judith Trine was distinctly revealed by the chill gray light of early dawn to those aboard the power cruiser as she swept up through the reaches of New Bedford harbor and aimed for the first wharf that promised a fair landing on the main waterfront of the city.

There was neither a policeman nor a watchman of any sort in sight.

Nor was there, for all his hopes and prayers, based on the telegram to Digby, a sign of a motor car.

Still, not much of the street was revealed. The docks on either hand were walled and roofed, cutting off the view.

If they ran for it, they must surely be overhauled. Something must be done to hinder the crew of the schooner from landing.

"Here!" he cried sharply to Marcus.

"You take Rose and hurry to the street and find that motor-car. I know she's there. Digby never failed me yet!"

"But you—"

"Don't waste time worrying about me. I'll be with you in three shakes. I'm only going to put a spoke in Judith's wheel. I've got a scheme!"

As for his scheme—he had none other than to give them battle, to sacrifice himself if he had to, to make sure the escape of Rose.

Slender luck smiled on him to this extent, that in turning his eye lighted

on a four-foot length of stout, three-inch scantling, an excellently formidable club.

But soon, disarmed, his case was desperate—and there were two already safe upon the dock and others madly scrambling up to reinforce them.

Wildly he cast about for some substitute weapon, he leaped toward a small pyramid of little but heavy kegs, and seizing one, swung it overhead and cast it full force into the midriff of his nearest enemy; so that this one doubled up convulsively, with a sickish grunt, and vanished in turn over the end of the wharf.

His fellow followed with less injury. But Alan had no time to wonder whether the man had tripped and thrown himself in his effort to escape a second hurtling keg, or had turned coward and fled. It was enough that he had returned, precipitately and heavily, to the schooner.

The keg, meeting with no resistance, pursued him even to the deck, where the force of its impact split its seams.

None of the combatants, however, Alan least of all, noticed that the powder that filtered out was black and coarse. Alan, indeed, had only the faintest notion that they were powder-kegs he used as ammunition. That they were heavy and hurt when they collided with human flesh and bone was all that interested him.

In the same breath he heard a friendly voice about warning far up the dock, and knew that Marcus was coming to his aid.

A glance over-shoulder, too, discovered the cause of the warning; two men who had thus far escaped his attentions were maneuvering to fall upon him from behind. The bound required to evade them brought him face to face with Judith as she landed on the dock.

"Oh," she cried, "I hate you, I hate you—"

"So you've said, my dear, but—"

His final words were not audible even to himself. In his confidence (now that Marcus was taking care of the others) and his impatience with the woman, and in his perhaps unworthy wish to demonstrate conclusively how cheap he held her, Alan had tossed the pistol over the end of the wharf.

It was an old-fashioned weapon, and the force with which it struck the deck released the hammer.

Instantly the .44 cartridge blazed into the open head of a broken powder keg.

And with a roar like the tramp of doom and a mighty gust of flame and smoke the decks of the schooner were riven and shattered; her masts tottered and fell.

CHAPTER XXI.

Anticlimax.

Alan came to himself supported by Marcus—his senses still reeling from the concussion of that thunderbolt which he had so unwittingly loosed—the cloud of sulphurous smoke and yet dissipated by the wind.

Judith lay at his feet, stunned; and round about other figures of men in sensible, if not, for all he could say, dead.

And then Marcus was hustling him unceremoniously down the wharf.

"Come! Come!" he rallied Alan.

"Pull yourself together and keep a stiff upper lip. Rose is waiting in the car, and if you don't want to be arrested you'll stir your stumps, my son! That explosion is going to bring the worthy burghers of New Bedford buzzing round our ears like a swarm of hornets!"

His prediction was justified even before it was made; already the near by dwellings were vomiting half-clothed humanity; already a score of people were galloping down toward the head of the wharf; and in their number a policeman appeared as if by magic.

And while the man hesitated Alan grabbed him by the shoulder, threw him bodily from the car, dropped into his seat, cried a warning to Rose, and threw in the clutch. The machine responded without a jar; they were a hundred feet distant from the scene of the accident before Alan was fairly settled in his place.

As he grew more and more calm, he congratulated himself on having drawn an excellent car in the lottery of chance. It was light, but the motor ran famously, and if not capable of a racing pace it would serve his ends as speedily as was consistent with reasonable care for the life of the woman he loved.

Yet his congratulations were premature; they were not ten minutes out of the environs of the city when Rose left her seat and knelt behind him, to communicate the intelligence that they were already being pursued.

A heavy touring car, she said it was, driven by a man, a woman in the seat by his side—Judith the latter, the man an old employee of her father's by the name of Marrophat.

Marrophat!

Alan remembered that one. He could only trust in his skill as a driver, and skill is the lesser factor in such a race.

They could overtake the fugitives practically when they would.

But for some weird, incomprehensible reason they chose to hang a certain distance in the rear, a distance that could readily be bridged by two minutes of furious driving.

Why?

In the succeeding quarter-hour the calmness of fatalism became Alan's. They were biding their time for some secret and fatal purpose. The blow was predestined to fall, but cruelly deferred.

For his own part, he drove like an exceptionally cunning madman.

And then, quite clearly, he recognized the time and the place and the character of the road that lay before him as the car sped like a dragon-fly down a slight grade.

From the bottom of the grade it swung away in a wide, graceful curve, bordered for some distance by railroad tracks on a slightly lower level.

He had guessed the fiendish plan of the other driver only too truly.

As they approached at express speed the stretch where the road paralleled the tracks Alan sought to hug the left-hand side of the road, but in vain.

Roaring, with its muffler cut out, the pursuing car swept up and baffled him, bringing its right forward wheel up beside the left rear wheel of his car, then more slowly forging up until, with its weight, bulk and superior power, it forced him inch by inch to the right, toward the tracks, until his right-hand wheels left the road and ran on uneven turf, until the left-hand wheels as well lost grip on the road metal, until the car began to dip on the slope to the tracks.

He heard the far hoot-toot of a freight locomotive.

There followed a maniac moment, when the world was upside down.

Alan's car slipped and skidded, swung sideways with frightful momentum toward the railroad tracks, caught its wheels against the ties, and

The run swung in the heavens like a ball on a string. There was a crash, a roar. There was nothing—oblivion.

The car had turned turtle, pinning Rose and Alan beneath it.

"Alan!" she gasped. "You are not killed?"

"No—not even much hurt, I fancy," he replied. "And you?"

"Not much—"

The deep-throated roar of the locomotive bellying danger silenced him. He closed his eyes.

Then abruptly the weight was lifted from his chest. He saw a man dragging Rose from under the machine, and saw that the man was Marrophat.

And almost immediately someone lifted his head and shoulders, caught him with two hands beneath his arm pits and drew him clear of the machine.

And the face of his rescuer was the face of Judith Trine.

The crash he had expected, of the car being crumpled up by the oncoming locomotive, did not follow.

As he scrambled to his feet, his first glance was up the track, and discovered the train slowing to a halt.

His next was one of wonder for the countenance of Judith Trine as she stood, at a little distance, regarding him; her look almost illegible, a curious compound of passions coloring it—relief, regret, hatred, love.

His third glance descended beyond her the figures of Marrophat carrying Rose in his arms, stumbling as he ran toward his car on the highroad.

He moved precipitately to pursue, but found his way barred by Judith.

"No!" she cried violently. "No, you shall not!"

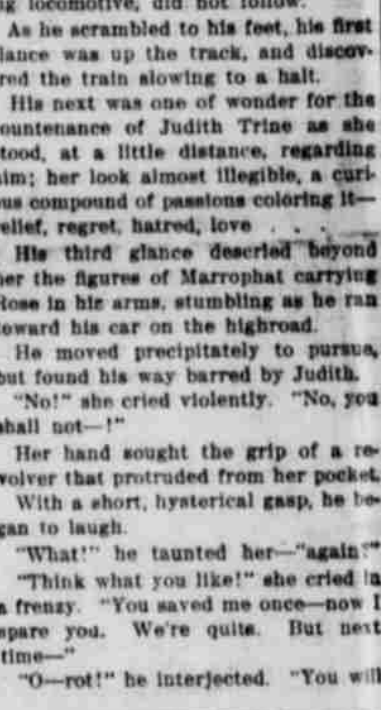
Her hand sought the grip of a revolver that protruded from her pocket.

With a short, hysterical gasp, he began to laugh.

"What!" he taunted her—"again?"

"Think what you like!" she cried in a frenzy. "You saved me once—now I spare you. We're quits. But next time—"

"O—rot!" he interjected. "You will



The Face of Judith Was Distinctly Revealed.

never have the courage to pull that trigger when I'm helpless in your hands!"

The hot blood mantled her exquisite

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face like red fire. She caught her breath with a sob, then flung wildly at him:

"Well, if you must know—it's true. I can't bring myself to kill you. I would to God I could. But I can't. For all that, you shall die—I could not save you if I would! And this I promise you—you shall never see Rose again before you die!"

And while he stood gaping, she swung from him and ran, quickly covering the little distance between him and the car.

As she jumped into this and dropped down upon the seat beside her half-conscious sister, Marrophat swung the car away.

It vanished in a dust-cloud as a throng of railroad employes surrounded and assailed him with clamorous questions.

(Cont. next week.)

NOTE: The foregoing chapters will be shown in moving pictures at the Crystal Theatre tomorrow (Friday) night.

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FOUR STATES DRY.

Four of the six states that voted Tuesday on prohibition, according to the latest returns, decided to forbid the sale of alcoholic beverages, and two voted to retain saloons.

Ohio and California kept their saloons, while Washington, Colorado, Oregon and Arizona closed theirs.

Unofficial returns from Arizona show that saloons were voted out the women aiding materially in reaching this result.

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WORTH KNOWING

The symbols of color are:

White, religious purity, innocence, faith, joy and life.

Red, the ruby, signifies fire, divine love, heat of the creative power and royalty.

Black corresponds to despair, dark ness, earthliness, mourning, negation, wickedness and death.

Yellow, or gold, is the symbol of the sun, of the goodness of God, of marriage and faithfulness.

Blue, or the sapphire, expresses heaven, the firmament, truth from a celestial origin, constancy and fidelity.

Green, the emerald, is the color of the spring of hope, particularly of the hope of immortality and of victory, as the color of the laurel and palm.

Violet, the amethyst, signifies love and truth, or passion and suffering. Purple and scarlet signify things good and true from a celestial origin.

FROM THE PELICAN

In writing love letters a man need not use a quill pen to make a goose of himself.

It is not necessary to take a course of physical culture to carry other people's burdens.

If you want to be sure of a hearing with a woman, either flatter her or abuse her friends.

If some people didn't talk about what they were going to do, they would have precious little to talk about.

ANVIL SPARKS

You cannot run backwards and not be weary.

A fit of temper is hardly a becoming fit for anybody.

A genuinely holy life is always pleasing to behold.

Giving may hurt a little, but never as bad as withholding.

Sharp practice doesn't keep a keen edge on the conscience.

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To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of H. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day, Stops cough and headache, and works off cold. 25c.

Engraved cards.—Courier office.

WELL ACTS "SPOOKY."

Some years ago A. G. Cline, who resides about six miles northwest of Marion, had a well bored on his premises, and when at the depth of about seventy-five feet the bit was broken off and could not be recovered. The well was therefore abandoned, as it was on a high hill and no water had been struck. Recently it has been noticed that there is a strong draft in the well. From 6 o'clock in the evening until 12 noon the next day a strong current of air passes out of the well at the top of the ground through an old casing or pipe. From 12 in the day until about 6 in the afternoon the current of air passes back into the well and it is so strong that it will draw a hat from the top of the ground into the well. The current of air changes at the time stated each day.

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The old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 50c.

President Wilson's home congressional district elected Elijah C. Hutchinson, Republican to succeed Congressman Allen B. Walsh, Democrat, by about 2,000 plurality.

Returns from Mississippi county show the election of the entire county ticket with the exception of W. E. Small, who was beaten for State's Attorney by C. S. Hale, Republican, by thirty-six votes.

Greece has ordered 100,000 pairs of army shoes from one factory at Binghamton, N. Y., which has already booked orders for \$1,000,000 worth of goods for foreign consumption. "It is the wind that blows nobody good."

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